

A LION HUNT IN AFRICA

FOR A FIRST VENTURE IT WAS UNUSUALLY SUCCESSFUL.

Incidents from the Diary of Joseph K. Garner, Civil Engineer, Formerly of Fort Wayne, Ind.

[Edited by Arthur S. Jennings.]

Perhaps a word of explanation will not be amiss. By profession I am a civil and mining engineer (and a native, by the way, of northern Indiana). Seven years ago I was offered the position of chief prospecting engineer for the De Beers Mining Company, of Kimberley and Johannesburg, South Africa, and after a tiresome ocean journey of nearly a month's duration, was landed "bag and baggage" on the dilapidated old wharf of the Clan line at Cape Town, near the hour of midnight, in the midst of a blinding storm of wind and rain.

My first impression of the metropolis of South Africa was not a flattering one. The town was shrouded in gloom, which the few sickly, yellow oil lamps served to increase rather than dispel. Table mountain, always lark and frowning, seemed particularly forbidding in the uncertain light, where the giant breakwater, principally the work of convicts, loomed gray and ghostly against the long line of surf.

On the following morning I took an early train for Johannesburg, 1,062 miles distant, and for nearly three days was cooped up in the small compartment of an African railway "van," getting brief respites only at long intervals, when the train stopped at one of the few stations or eating houses along the line. I am inclined to think that no convict, sentenced to a long term of imprisonment, ever counted the weary days and years until the expiration of his sentence with more anxiety and longing than I counted the hours while the train bowed along over apparently endless wastes of mesa land or rolling bar country. The last 200-mile stretch before you reach Kimberley is surely the most desolate region I have ever seen. The brown, rugged rocks, devoid of vegetation and heated by centuries of tropical sunshine, breathed their concentrated heat with all the fury of a great blast furnace. Between the barren foothills stretches of white sand blazed and shimmered, while occasional eddies of furnace-spiral air came down from above and raised spectral dust storms, which raced along the desert until out in the white haze above the irregular line of horizon; over all the remorseless sun glittered and burned.

A PROSPECTING TOUR.

I will not dwell upon my reception at Johannesburg, as I started out to tell of my first lion hunt. Suffice to say they are a jolly crowd over there, and the Dutch metropolis is not a "half-bad" place in which to live.

Affairs in the Transvaal had been going "crosswise" with us for some time. In fact, ever since the half-hearted attempt of the outlander, or foreign population, to take the reins of government from the Boers and run things as they themselves. The result of that attempt is a matter of history now. Dr. Jameson, of the British South African Company, started for Mafeking with 500 British soldiers and attempted to take the country by storm, but was forced to surrender unconditionally, after losing nearly one hundred of his men. This flagrant outrage—for it was nothing less—brought matters to a crisis in the Dutch republic, and threatened to make the country too hot to hold the aggressive faction of the alien population. After braving the matter out for a month, I finally decided to leave the Transvaal and return to the United States, and so informed the manager of the mining company by which I was employed. As mining engineers were scarce there at the time, that official volunteered to send me on a prospecting tour into Central Africa, in hopes that matters would cool down before my return. Not that I had particularly identified myself with the outlanders, for I had not. In the wilderness one is able to find the way among the trackless forests or over wide stretches of jungle as easily as an old sea captain will navigate the ocean. There are many such men in South Africa, but as there is a constant demand for their services it is necessary to offer tempting inducements in order to secure them. After devoting several weeks to the matter I finally collected a party of twenty, composed of eight Kafirs, six Matabeles, five half-breed Somalis, whose touch of white blood had caused them to wander south into civilization, and an old Zulu, who had accompanied me on all such expeditions for several years past.

TO LOOK FOR DIAMONDS.

We left Johannesburg in the latter part of February, making the journey to Port Lorenzo by rail. At the Port a small coastwise steamer had been chartered to take us to the mouth of the Zambezi river, from where we would continue the journey overland. Our objective point was the "Karema" country, lying east of Lake Bangweulu, where we expected to prospect for auriferous, or diamond-bearing soil. In addition to our pack and saddle animals we had 1,500 pounds of rice, 500 pounds of "goat," and a large assortment of camping and prospecting paraphernalia.

After a tiresome ocean journey of nearly two weeks' duration, we were finally landed on the barren shores of Mozambique, a mile north of the Zambezi, amid a chaos of packages strewn the ground, bad-tempered camels, loudly complaining, and noisy, shouting natives.

This is indeed a most desolate country. The Zambezi and its flate—a broad ribbon of silver and green, bordered here and there by black cliffs, spits the desert from east to west. To the north and west as far as the eye can reach, and a hundred miles farther, stretches a waste of mesa-land; sand, cactus, sand; black rock, and more sand—sand that dazes the eye like snow, with here and there a cluster of palms and jungle grass, which show where periodical springs rise out of the blistering earth to greet the Mother Zambezi. To the east is the ceaseless wash of the quiet sea, with its short reefs of gray coral, shining white in the eternal sunshine, and over all a dreary, deathlike stillness, broken only when the deadly smooch sweeps down from the north in whirling clouds of sand, driving all before it. Setting to work with a will, I soon had the party organized into a respectable "caravan," with the Zulu and myself at the head, next the saddle horses, with their riders, and lastly the pack animals, following in single file.

For the first week the journey was wholly uneventful. When we had progressed nearly 200 miles the soil became more fertile, the dry sage brush and scattered cactus giving place to occasional mesquite and tamarind bushes, while oases or "wadis" as they are called in that country, became more and more frequent. Finally we entered a wide plateau, and in a short time found ourselves in a well-wooded country, amid an amphitheater of brown, rocky hills, upon the tops and sides of which grew the dark green, umbrella-shaped mimosa trees. To the north now towered the peaks of the Gollis mountains, with Gan Liba (Lion mountain), showing dim and blue above its fellows.

PICTURESQUE SCENERY.

The route we were following frequently led across the beds of the numerous wadis which intersect the country north of the Zambezi. In their stretches of white sand, between walls of rock or thick borders of trees and bush jungle, are the most charming bits of scenery. Luxuriant growths of creepers fall in festoons from date palm and mimosa tree. Birds of brilliant plumage fill the jungle with life, while here and there dark patches of reeds show where pools of clear, cool water lie, with stretches of fresh, green grass about their margins. To stroll, rifle in hand, along the bed of a wadi in the quiet of the evening, has a great fascination for the lover of sport. Tracks of antelope, leopard, buffalo and panther cross one's path continually, while, as you move softly around some bend in the wadi's winding course, the skulking hyena hastens his footsteps across the sand, or the wild boar dashes, alarmed, from the pool. At such an hour, what might not one meet in the shape of game! Even the king of beasts himself had been there, for I often found his great footprints, clearly visible in the soft mud.

One evening in the latter part of March we encountered the outskirts of a wadi of unusual size, pitching our tents near a large spring, the water of which was as clear as crystal and very cool. We had marched until sunset, and barely had time to fix the tents into position when the night came on, with usual tropical swiftness, the reddish twilight fading rapidly into a shadowy dusk. The pack and saddle animals had been driven in and made to lie down in a circle, the camels being secured by the tying up of a foreleg. Around the fire my native men, their number increased by two we had picked up the day before, belonging to a neighboring village, sat cheerfully eating their dates and rice. The firelight shone dimly on the long necks and misshapen backs of the camels and showed faintly the solitary, white-clad figure of the sentry as he stood at the outskirts of the camp, crooning to himself a mournful Matabele song. Soon the men had finished eating and were stretched at full length about the fire, while the silence of the jungle crept over all—a silence broken at frequent intervals by the mournful howl of a hyena or the wailing cry of a jackal.

A LION'S ROAR.

I was rapidly passing into dreamland when, following a period of intense silence, came a faraway, deep, moaning sound. While by no means loud or startling, it brought me wide awake and sitting upright in an instant, my nerves tingling with excitement; instinct, or a kindred sense, told me it was the "awakening" roar of a lion! A noise of excited voices from the campfire showed that the natives also had heard the ominous sound and were wide awake in consequence. A moment later I could hear them piling dry brushwood on the smoldering coals.

The deep, rumbling roars were repeated at intervals, apparently growing nearer and dying away in the same moaning note. Then an interminable time elapsed—a creepy silence, during which the men huddled about the blazing campfire. Suddenly there was the sound of a brute's heavy gallop over the sand between the wadis and our camp, a mighty roar, followed by a thud as a donkey was felled to the earth, while his dying bray rang out pitifully on the night air. A slight noise of struggle, a few more stifled brays, and then silence, followed a moment later by the sound of a heavy body being dragged across the sand. After the first shock of excitement I had grasped my rifle and ran towards the men. When the lion began to drag the carcass of the donkey into the brush I moved instinctively towards the sound, when the Zulu cried quickly, "Kabadar, seh! Bare kahib kanwar. (Have care, sir! A very dangerous animal.) I turned angrily to upbraid them all for their cowardice in permitting the lion to take one of our pack animals before their very eyes, but thought better of it and returned to my tent, resolved to square accounts with the maulrauder on the next day, if he could be found.

The cool awakened me at daylight on the following morning, and after a hasty breakfast I filled my jacket pouch with cartridges and, accompanied by the Zulu, who was an expert hunter and trapper, started out on the spoor of the lion. Following this for a mile or more we finally came upon the half eaten carcass of the donkey, lying in a clump of short grass. After a little careful reconnoitering we found where the lion had left the place, and we continued on the spoor, which finally led us in the direction of a large thicket, surrounded with a margin of yellow jungle grass. Judging from the actions of the Zulu, the spoor was now growing decidedly warm, and we were likely to meet with our game in a minute. "Lion is in there, sure, sah," he finally said, in Zulu, pointing to the thicket, which was about one hundred yards ahead of us. After a minute's consultation it was decided that I should approach from the front while he went around to the rear, to intercept the game in case it attempted to escape through a common practice of these beasts.

As I slowly approached the thicket with the hammer of my gun drawn, on the alert for the first sign of the game, I could at first see nothing. I was about to call to the Zulu when he suddenly made out the backs of two large, yellow animals, nearly hidden in the thick grass, and a moment later discovered there were two cubs with them. They were evidently disturbed, but were gazing in the direction taken by the Zulu, apparently not having noticed me, as yet. A moment later a fine lion sprang out into the open and seeing me, less than fifty paces away, gave a low growl and disappeared into the brush. The other, a lioness, stood looking about, watching me out of the corner of her eye and giving me an occasional side view of her teeth, but evidently reluctant to leave her cubs. She was almost hidden by the grass, and as it was not safe for me to risk a shot from where I stood, I began to walk cautiously to the left, advancing gradually, at the same time.

A THRILLING MOMENT.

A lion's yellow eyes are singularly impressive, especially if they happen to be watching you some thirty or forty yards distant, while you note that their regard is fixed upon you much as a cat watches a mouse. They incline one to discretion, and it was with extreme caution that I slowly approached, her eyes following my every movement as I did so, and watching intently on my part for the first sign of a coming charge. When I had arrived to within perhaps thirty yards of her she sprang out of the thick bunch of grass in which she had been hiding and ran sev-

eral paces in my direction, where she stopped and crouched low, as though about to charge. Her position gave me an excellent chance for a side shot, and, taking careful aim at the point of her shoulder, I pressed the trigger. With a frightful screech she sprang into the air and seemed to fairly fly back through her hair, disappearing into the thick bushes. A second later I heard the report of the Zulu's elephant gun on the opposite side of the thicket, followed by the roar of a lion. Hastening around the thicket I arrived upon the scene just in time to see the big fellow on one knee in the act of discharging his second barrel into the very mouth of the lion, which was charging straight for him with wide open jaws. As he fired he sprang quickly to one side, while the lion turned a complete somersault, but was on its feet in an instant and stood wavering, evidently too sick to attempt another charge. I was about to fire at it when it fell over on its side and after several ineffectual attempts to regain its feet lay gasping and kicking, evidently done for. In the meantime the Zulu had succeeded in reloading one barrel of his gun and now approached the brute and fired a ball into his head, at which he fell back dead. After making sure the lion was dead we retraced our steps to the opposite side of the thicket and cautiously approached the place where I had seen the lioness disappear. We soon came upon her lying stretched across a small stream, breathing her life out, so nearly done for she was unable to rise at our approach. I gave her a shot back of the ear to end her misery, and for a moment stood lost in admiration of her graceful proportions, with mighty muscles beneath the glossy skin, when my attention was attracted to the Zulu, who was endeavoring to capture the cubs. Although they were very small—not much larger than kittens, in fact—they were very fertile growing upon the stretching before he succeeded in making them prisoners. When he had finally bundled one under either arm we started for camp, meeting several of my men on the way, whom I sent back to remove the pelts from the animals. Arriving at camp I fastened the lion whelps to the back of a camel, intending to try to keep them alive if possible as souvenirs of my first lion hunt. And very interesting companions they were during the remainder of our long journey.

THE JOURNAL'S POETS.

Mother.

[Chant Royal.]
Dedicated to Susan M. Taylor.

When evening came, we children, at her knee,
With hands uplifted, said our daily prayer,
When morning came, she gently came to see
What need we had of her and of her care.
O what a host of little things she always knew,
And what a careworn look she sometimes wore!
But O the beauty of her smiling eyes
And charming sweetness of her lullabies—
The precious looks and accents lingering still
Among all sacred memories that rise,
Of mother's helping hands up to the hill!

She talked of God and of a time to be,
When love will rule the world of homes ever-where.

She spoke of heaven and of angels free
From all earth's ills that mortals ever share.
She read of Samson and of Samson's lore,
Of Joseph's dreams and Egypt's bursting store.
She told of faith that saves, of doubt that tries,
Of cheerful duty where earth's anguish cries—
And having her wisdom to guide us,
Fulfilled it, in the beaming angel-guise
Of mother's helping hands up to the hill.

Of cheerful duty where earth's anguish cries—
And having her wisdom to guide us,
Fulfilled it, in the beaming angel-guise
Of mother's helping hands up to the hill.
She sang the songs that fill the world with glee,
She changed its gloom to love's meridian glee.
When others grieved she turned a golden key
That swung to scenes of rapture passing fair,
Where spirits blithely danced before
A crystal river with jeweled shores.
Where Hope stood forth a radiant surprise
To draw earth's griefed to heaven with loving ties—
To bring new joys and banish pain of ill.

Through faith and prayer, those magical allies
Of mother's helping hands up to the hill.
She went with aims to those of low degree,
She showered roses through the winter air.
She raised the fallen with her gentle plea,
She scattered good deeds, garlanded and rare,
With tones of balm for those whose hearts were sore.

Her faith was upward, Godward, evermore,
She pointed ever toward the gleaming skies.
Her words were tender and her ways were wise.
Of all the sweet, sympathetic thrills
Of all the heart-throbs and the parting sighs
Of mother's helping hands up to the hill.
The worshiped one at many a Christmas tree!
This glad old world of sorrows ill could spare
The queens of yuletide—giving such as she.
She chose the free-lit Christmas taper-flare,
Where Santa Claus's laughing echoes roared
And free for all the home of plenty poured
Not questioning if ingrates oft despise
The best that human kindness can devise,
With love and hope and heaven's "Peace, good-will!"

The sweet, unselfish, pulsing, thrilling "whys"
Of mother's helping hands up to the hill.
—L. Enval.

O sacred spirit of the days of yore!
May time hang helpless on its pinions hoar,
While over all the world oblivion lies,
Ere down telluric vias memory dies,
Of all the tactful toil and prayerful skill
And loving, living, life-giving will,
Of mother's helping hands up to the hill!
Greenacres, Ind. —Tucker Woodson Taylor.

In Autumn Time.

In autumn-time the world is fair and still;
The distant world fades in a quiet mist.
The sun sinks lingeringly behind the hill,
Waving his scarfs of gold and amethyst.
As if he grieved to leave so sweet a clime
In autumn-time.

In autumn-time the world unreal seems,
And hand in hand with wistful memory
We walk through fragrant, enchanted land of dreams;
Past strivings, hopes, and retrospectives we see—
A motley throng, gay, tender, sad, sublime,
In autumn-time.

In autumn-time some days hold vague regret;
The wind clings sobbing underneath the eaves,
A dead rose, frost-shorn, still hangs warm and wet
And cold, and rains reveal how nature grieves,
And slim trees quake in mournful pantomime,
In autumn-time.

In autumn-time, again, our mood is joy;
Ah, though the vanished summer-world was sweet,
What lavish splendor these rich days employ;
Trees of red robes of the glory on our feet,
A partridge calls, clear-voiced as silver chime,
In autumn-time.

In autumn-time we know there dwaveth high
The white, white winter, glorious and stern;
A whirl of wings, where summer-seekers fly,
And nipping winds foretell his blithe return,
And every blade of grass is gemmed with rime,
In autumn-time.

Fads About Food.

London Hospital.

It has never been scientifically demonstrated that fish and other phosphoric foods can appreciably improve the brain and mind. Fishermen and fishermen's wives, who may be supposed to live largely upon fish, have never shown themselves to be in any measurable degree more intellectual than their neighbors. Indeed, it may be plausibly argued that they are a little less. The truth is that this particular food, like every other, is of benefit to the individual, and which best maintains his general health at a high level, is the best for the brain and every other organ of the body, as well as for the whole man. Common experience has long ago formulated the saying that "what is one man's meat is another's poison." Science now comes forward to tell us exactly the same thing, and to impress upon every one of us the necessity of finding out the diet best suited to ourselves and sticking to it.

SEE OUR CARPET AND DRAPERY AD.—PAGE 14

THE NEW YORK STORE

ESTABLISHED 1853

SOLE AGENTS FOR BUTTERICK PATTERNS

INDIANA'S GREATEST DRY GOODS EMPORIUM.

Our Unequaled Silk Selling

We Never Made a Better Showing

After all, the strife of life is the pleasure of it. It's so in every calling. Merchandising would lose half its charm with no past records to surpass. This will be our greatest year of silk selling and past records were not easily broken. To-day we can say candidly that ours is the most active silk department in the city.

Plain Taffetas in all the leading evening and street colors, all pure silk, with brilliant finish, usually retailed at 75c—just received the final shipment, therefore cannot again be duplicated, our price, a yard..... **59c**

Corded Gros de Landre, very heavy quality, with rare brilliancy and this season's latest colorings, only 20 pieces in the lot, were manufactured to sell at \$1. here while they last, at a yard..... **69c**

Silk and wool Bengalines, flannel finish—a soft finished material far superior to French flannel for shirt waists. These come in two-toned effects and a variety of combinations, at a yard..... **95c**

Black Taffeta "Phalax," superior quality, guaranteed by the manufacturers to give satisfactory wear or will be replaced, a yard..... **85c**

Satin Regence, Peau de Cygne, Satin de Lyon and Peau de Soie, four popular weaves in black dress silks, at a yard..... **\$1.19**

See the collection of Silks on the center silk counter. A miscellaneous assortment

Sale of Golf Capes at \$5.95

Made full and good length of handsome double-faced cloth. These come with the hood and founce and are trimmed with cloth strapping and fancy stitching. We could sell them readily for \$7.50, but will give our customers the advantage of our good buying and price them..... **\$5.95**

Long Carriage Capes to ...Order...

In several different styles, made of choice imported rugs,
\$17.50, \$20, \$22.50 and \$25.

Ladies' Tailor-Made Suits

Many styles, all of them new and practical. Suit for misses' wear, bright and natty, in Royal, Gray, Brown and Blue,
\$10.00 to \$50.00
—Second Floor.

An Important Importation of Linens...

We have just received from our German agents a lot of novelties in Linens, consisting of Doilies, Tray Cloths, Scarfs and Lunch Cloths which we will put on sale Monday on the basement bargain tables at the following prices:

9-inch hemmed Doilies, all linen, 12½¢ quality, this sale..... **6½¢**
12-inch hemmed Doilies in a 15¢ quality, this sale, each..... **8½¢**
12-inch open work Doilies and 9-inch hemmed Doilies in a 20¢ quality, for each..... **10¢**
White and fancy colored all-linen fringed Doilies worth 20¢, this sale..... **12½¢**
Hemstitched Tray Cloths, size 14x20, worth 50¢, this sale for..... **35¢**
Hemstitched Carving Cloths, size 20x30, at 85¢ quality, this sale..... **59¢**
36-inch all-linen Damask Lunch Cloths in a \$2 quality, this sale..... **\$1.35**
45-inch all-linen Damask Lunch Cloths, \$2.75 quality, this sale..... **\$1.98**
54-inch all-linen hemstitched Lunch Cloths, worth \$3.75, this sale..... **\$2.75**
—Basement.

The Fall Fabrics.

Beckon you. "Busy as nailers"—we ought to be.—We've a grand range of rich weaves at very modest prices. Some of you have bought, more have to buy—it's buying time now—and we think we can make it clear to you that this is the place to buy.

30-inch heavy plaid back Suitings, in eight of the new colorings, to be made without lining, a yard..... **39¢**
45-inch all-wool imported Vigoreux Suitings in a broken line of colors, at a yard..... **50¢**
54-inch all-wool camel-hair Cheviot in the shades of Oxford gray, a heavy weight and a dollar value, for a yard..... **75¢**
44-inch all-wool French Poplins in twenty-five new colors, at a yard..... **\$1.00**
48-inch French Venetians, all wool in fourteen of the new fall shades, at a yard..... **\$1.50**
—West Aisle.

Special Millinery Offers Black Dress Goods

Your choice of any trimmed hat in our department, including all our French hats that were \$25 to \$35, for..... **\$15.00**

Any hat that has been selling for \$15.00, \$18.00 and \$20.00, choice Monday, for..... **\$10.00**

Other hats priced in proportion.
—Second Floor.

Very fine light-weight pure Mohair Brilliantine, 44 inches wide for accordion plaiting, the 75c cloth, for, a yard..... **50c**

Heavy black Venetian Cloth, 50 inches wide, as good as we have had at \$1.25, for a yard..... **\$1.00**

All-wool rainy-day Skirtings, 58 inches wide, especially good, worth \$1.75, for a yard..... **\$1.25**

A new cloth for tailor-made suits, very fine Kersey the maker calls it; 56 inches wide, a yard..... **\$2.00**
—West Aisle.

Evening Gloves

A beautiful assortment of them, all shades, in glove and suede, 18, 18 and 24-button lengths.
The "Virginia," a 3-clasp glove, in the new pastel shades, at a pair..... **\$1.50**
The "Cyrene," a 3-clasp glove, real French kid, in all colors, a pair..... **\$1.50**
The "Juliette," a fine French kid, in all colors, a pair..... **\$1.00**
Mocha Gloves for street wear, at a pair,
\$1.00 to \$1.50
—Center Aisle.

Knit Underwear

Union Suits gain more in favor each year, for they are undoubtedly the most practical underwear for cold weather. Our assortment of them for ladies and children the most complete hereabouts, all weights, all prices—not the cheap, but the best, priced right.

Children's combed Egyptian fleece-lined Union Suits, with bust opening, made to tone down the front. Having patent drop seat, just the kind for children to wear, at a suit..... **35c, 39c and 50c**

Children's white peeler fleece-lined Union Suits, buttoned down the front and with patent drop seat, all sizes, a suit..... **45c and 50c**

Children's silver gray, nonshrinking, all-wool Union Suits, with bust opening and drop seat, all sizes, a suit..... **73c**

Ladies' combed Egyptian fleece-lined Union Suits, with bust opening, made to fit the form without stretching 69c out of shape, a suit..... **98c**

Ladies' extra fine combed peeler Union Suits, with bust opening, fleece-lined, perfect; also silver gray, all-wool, 98c nonshrinking, at a suit..... **\$2.50**

Ladies' full-fashioned heavy weight fleece-lined Union Suits, bust opening, Badger make, at a suit..... **\$1.75**

All-wool fast black Union Suits, Badger make, bust opening, a suit..... **\$2.50**
—Balcony, East Aisle.

Wash Goods

36-inch standard quality Percales, in bright colors, with Pink, Blue, Lavender and Red figures and stripes, a 5c quality, for a yard..... **5c**

22-inch plain black Batens, were 10c at a yard..... **5c**

27-inch Calico, in Red grounds, with black figures, stripes and dots, the newest wash fabric on the market, remakes the French flannels, a yard..... **5c**
—East Aisle.

A Hosiery Talk

A hosiery stock like ours is one to be proud of—every staple and novelty on the market finds a place. We know of stores in cities that cannot boast of a pair of socks that we do not have here. We're going to do some selling, too, during the next few days that will cause favorable comment.

Just imported, 18 new numbers of ladies' striped cotton Hose, full regular made, black boots and fancy striped tops and all striped, also a few plain lisle thread—If we bought from a jobber we could not sell them for less than 25c. That's where you get the benefit. Mon.—25c a pair..... **17c**

Ladies' full regular made fast black, fine ribbed cotton Hose, at a pair..... **17c**

Children's corduroy-ribbed, fleece-lined Bicycle Hose, with double knees, soles and high double heels, at a pair..... **17c**

Ladies' ingrain cotton Hose, with white feet, considered the best wear, seldom sold for less than 35c, Mon.—25c a pair..... **17c**

Ladies' ingrain lisle thread Hose, Richelle and other ribs, regular 50c ones, Monday, a pair..... **35c**

Out sizes in ladies' fast black, lace striped lisle thread Hose, always sold for 35c, Monday, a pair..... **35c**

Ladies' fast black opera length cotton Hose, with double soles and high double heels, at a pair..... **35c**

Cold type doesn't begin to do our Fancy Hosiery justice—you must see them. They're beauties at
50c, 75c, \$1 and \$1.50
—East Aisle.

News of Interest—Men

Just for fun, we'll sell 60 dozen men's wool Half Hose in national blue, with white heels and toes, the kind that sell at 25c. Well, Monday, a 12½¢ pair..... **12½¢**

Men's Bath or Lounging Robes, made of imported Austrian blankets, in a variety of colors and patterns, \$5 in the regular price. Monday, for..... **\$4.29**

Men's custom-made imported Madras Shirts, all sizes and sleeve lengths. Why pay \$2.50 elsewhere when you can get them here to fit like they were..... **\$1.50**

Firemen's regulation indigo-blue Shirts, with two separate lay down..... **\$1.00** each..... **\$1.00**
—East Aisle.

The Corsets

A few left of those French-shape Corsets, in pink and blue, with lace trimming on top and bottom, we've been selling at 50c, sizes 20 to 25, Monday..... **35c**

Another lot of fancy Corsets, were 69c, for..... **\$1.00**

The Xema Self-reducing Corset is the only corset that positively reduces the abdomen, relieves those who are physically weak and insures a perfect-fitting dress. Try a pair of these..... **\$2.50**
—Second Floor.

Domestics

3 rows of hemstitched bleached Pillow Cases, can be made into any 15c size, a 25c quality, for a yard..... **15c**

4 ready-made unbleached Sheets, best quality, worth 65c, for each..... **50c**

Remnants of all-wool French Flannel and Eldersdown, all this season's goods, at one-half marked price.

White Crochet Quilts, slightly 75c, sold, were \$1.19, for each..... **75c**

A full line of plush Lap Robes, shaped and square woven Blankets, Shaping Blankets always in stock. —Basement.

Ladies' Neckwear

A beautiful assortment of styles and colors, in silk, velvet and satin stock collars, were 50c and 75c each..... **25c**

A nice assortment of Cream Lace Revers Collars, special..... **75c**
—Center Aisle.

Infant's Wear

Dainty things for the little folk priced special for to-morrow—

Infants' Slips, made of good cambric, with ruffled neck and sleeves, 25c each..... **25c**

Better ones, made of cambric, with round embroidered-trimmed yoke, 39c each..... **39c**

Crocheted Silk Caps, with white swan-down trimming, for the little..... **\$1.00**

Cloaks made of Bedford cords, nicely trimmed with braid,..... **\$5.00**
—Second Floor.

Picture Sale

Just received, a shipment of 1,000 Pictures, which we are selling on sale at the following low prices: All the popular subjects, nicely matted, 5c each..... **5c**

An assortment of larger sizes, 15c each..... **15c**

Among these are a beautiful line of golf and college girls which are strictly new.

Brooms! Brooms!

We want everyone to get one of the Brooms we are selling at 25c. These brooms are regular 30c ones; many stores ask 35c. They are fine corn, four-loom and full weight. By buying in such quantities as we do we are enabled to sell at less than one-half price. We limit one to a customer, but guarantee every customer gets one.

Model Hot Blast—Why pay \$25 or \$35 for a hot blast, when we can sell you one for \$15 and \$25; every stove air-tight smoke consumer and burns anything. We guarantee it; the maker guarantees it; come in and examine.

Fall and winter Sporting Goods. Get our prices. We sell as low and in many cases lower than any one else; satisfaction with every purchase.

300 Kitchen Forks, 10 inches long, 1c worth 10c, while they last, each..... **1c**

Perfection Washing Machines, 6c were \$2, this sale..... **\$1.98**

Granite Pie Pans, 10 inches, were 12c, each..... **4c**

About 400 Whisk Brooms, were 10c, now..... **5c**

20 Bars Monday Morning Soap (20 25c)..... **25c**

Stove Pipe, 5 or 6-inch..... **9c**

Alfa for stoves, all sizes, 2c to 12c, or about half what others ask.

Our great Wood Heater—don't fail to get one at the price.

\$2.25 and \$2.75
—Basement.

Furniture Department

Two Specials.

50 extra fine cutting tables, bird's-eye maple and mahogany finish, a \$2.00 table, for, each..... **98c**

8 quartered oak, polish finished ladies' dressing tables, with large French pattern plate mirror, swell front, French legs, were \$15.00, special, each..... **\$8.75**
—Fourth Floor.

Pettis Dry Goods Co.